Over the River

Written by

MISS PRIEST.

Composed by

THOs. STORY.

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SONG.

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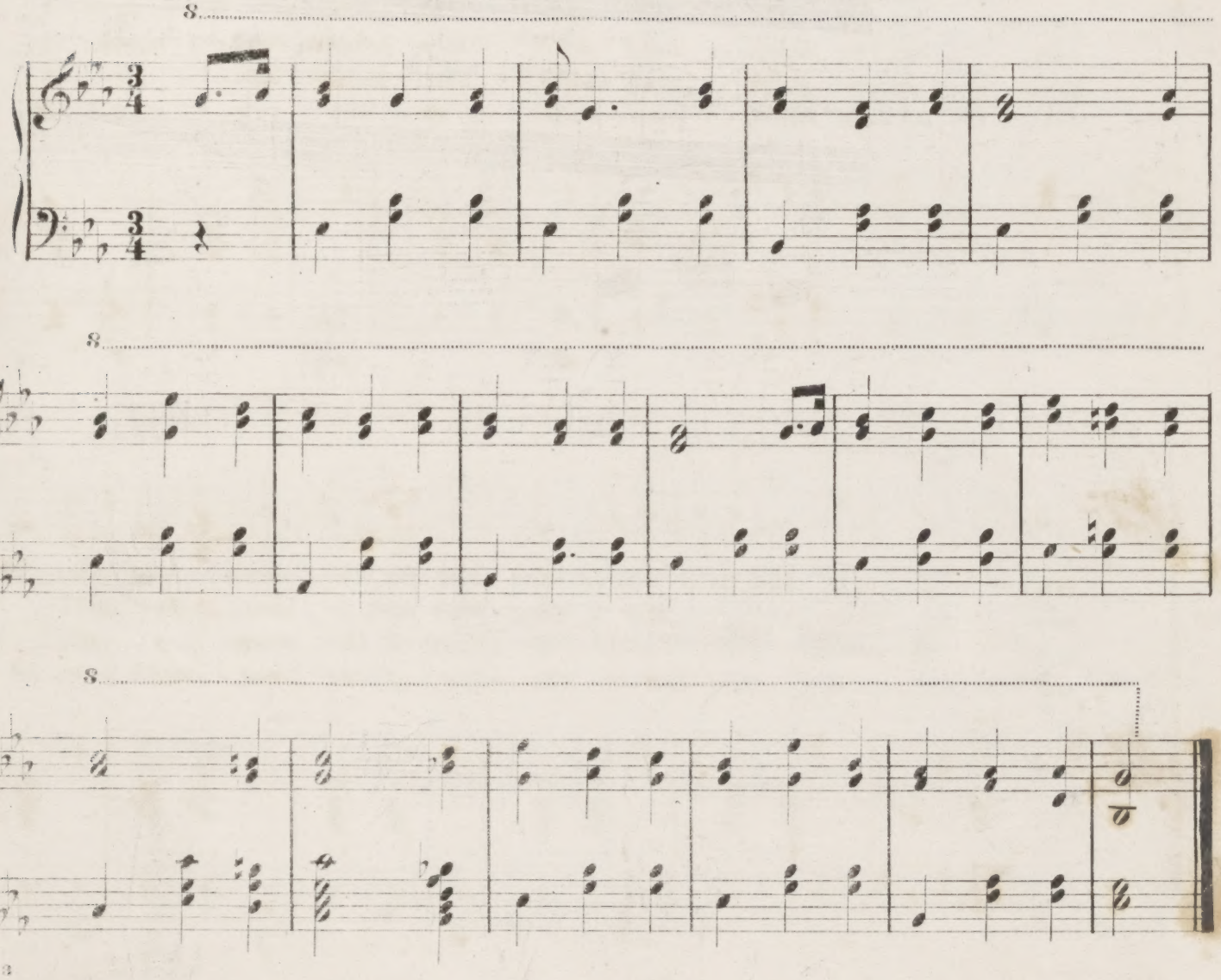


O - ver the river they beckon to me, Lov'd ones who've
O - ver the river the Boat - man pale, Car - ried an -
For none re - turn from the qui - et shores, Who cross with the
And I sit and think when the sun - set's gold Is flush - ing the

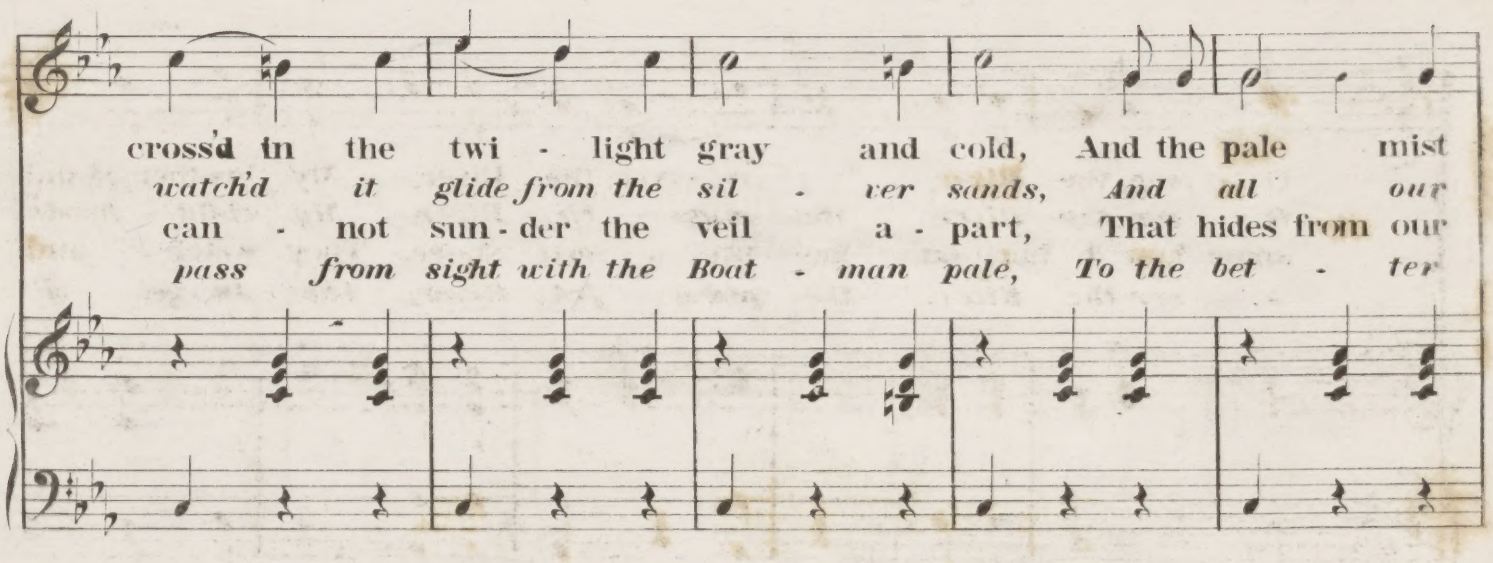
pass'd to the oth - er side, The gleam of their snow - y
- oth - er the house - hold pet! Her bright curls wav'd in the
Boat - man pale and blue, We hear the dip of the
riv - er, and hills, and shore, I shall one day stand by the

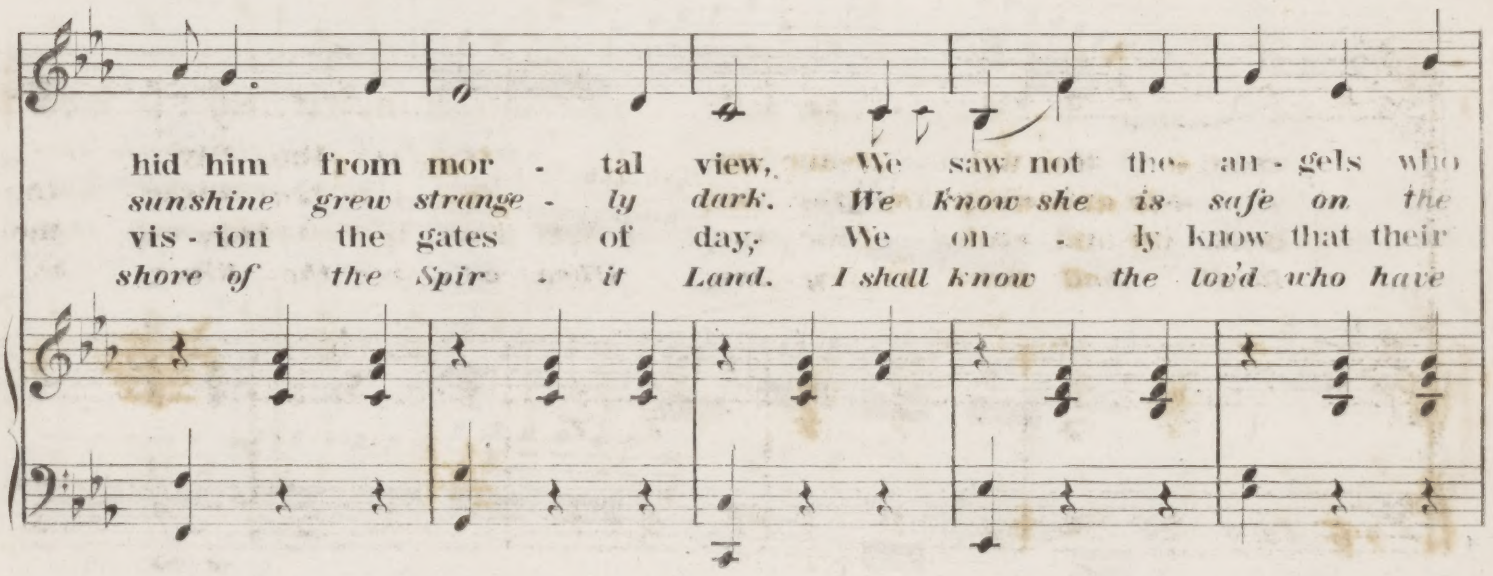
robes I see, But their voices are lost in the dash - ing tide. There's
gen - tle gale, Dar - ling Min - nie, I see her yet! She
gold - en oars, We catch a gleam of the snow - y sail; And
wa - ter cold, And list to the sound of the Boat - man's oar; I shall

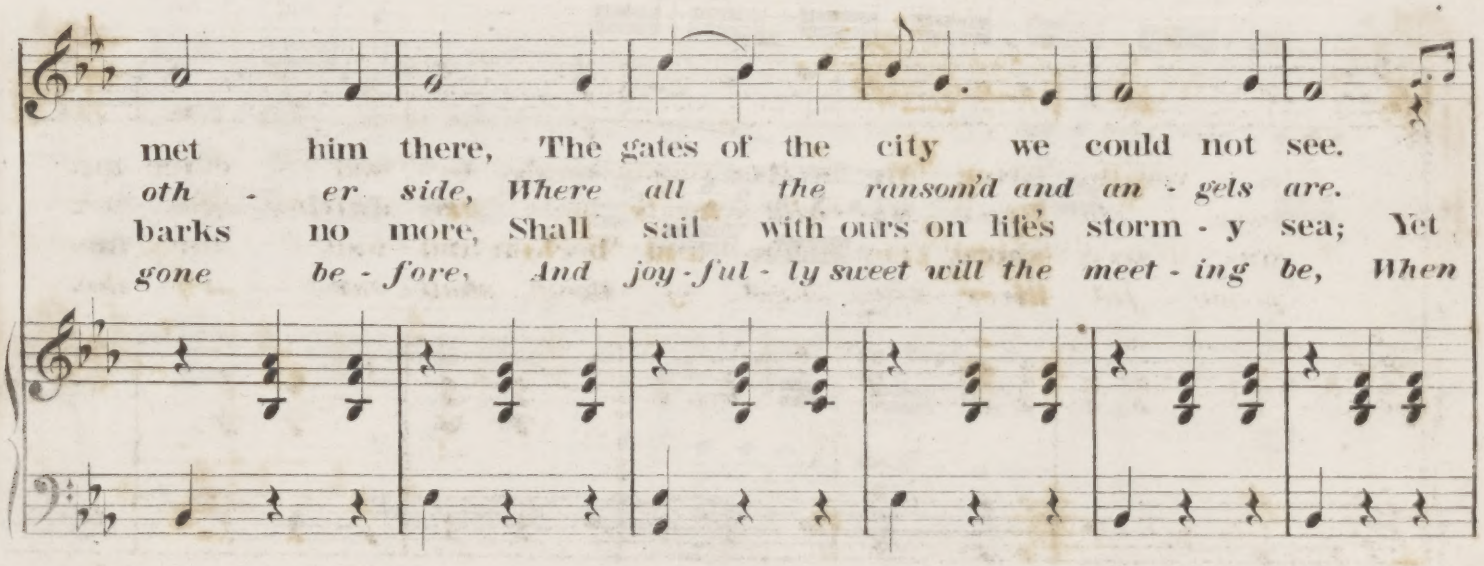
one with ring-lets of sun-ny gold, And eyes the re-
cross'd on her bo-som her dim-pled hands, And fear-less-ly
lo, they have pass-ed from our heart, They cross the
watch for the gleam of the flap-ping sail, I shall hear the

-flec-tion of Heav'n's own blue, He cross'd in the twi-light
en-ter'd the phan-tom bark; We watch'd it glide from the
stream and are gone for aye! We can-not sun-der the
boat as it gains the strand, I shall pass from sight with the

gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mor-tal view; He
sil-ver sands, And all our sunshine grew strange-ly dark. I've
veil a-part That hides from our vision the gates of day. We
Boat-man pale, To the bet-ter shore of the Spir-it Land. I shall


cross'd in the twi - light gray and cold, And the pale mist
watch'd it glide from the sil - ver sands, And all our
can - not sun - der the veil a - part, That hides from our
pass from sight with the Boat - man pale, To the bet - ter


hid him from mor - tal view, We saw not the an - gels who
sunshine grew strange - ly dark. We know she is safe on the
vis - ion the gates of day; We on - ly know that their
shore of the Spir - it Land. I shall know the lov'd who have


met him there, The gates of the city we could not see.
oth - er side, Where all the ransom'd and an - gels are.
barks no more, Shall sail with ours on life's storm - y sea; Yet
gone be - fore, And joy - ful - ly sweet will the meet - ing be, When

O - ver the River, o - ver the River, My brother stands
O - ver the River, the mys - tic River, My child - hood's
some - how I hope on the un - seen shore, They watch and
o - ver the River, the peace - ful River, The An - gel of

read - y to wel - come me, O - ver the River,
i - dols are wait - ing for me, O - ver the River, the
beck - on and wait for me, Yet some - how I hope on the
Death shall car - ry me, When o - ver the River, the

o - ver the River, My brother stands ready to wel - come me.
mys - tic River, My child - hood's idols are waiting for me.
un - seen shore, They watch and beckon and wait for me.
peace - ful River, The Angel of Death shall car - ry me.

(Engd at Clayton's.)